

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## THE PHILIPPINE CHANCE OF BETTERMENT.

The American people are pressing forward to the Philippines by the same instinct that drove their hardy pioneers across the Alleghenies when the Atlantic States were still a fringe of scattered settlements; that sent Boone to lift the curse from the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky; that impelled Astor to plant his fur-trading station at the mouth of the Columbia River and saved the Pacific Northwest to the United States; that pushed Sam Houston and Davy Crockett through the hostile cordon that guarded the plains of Texas; that followed Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill in the occupation of the Great Plains, and that raised the Bear Flag at Sonoma and opened the treasures of the Californian mountains. It is not the lure of military glory—it is the practical American desire to improve the condition of the individual.

Why is the prosperity of the United States the admiration and envy of the world?

Because the American citizen has had room to exert himself. When he has found all the opportunities for independent action closed to him at home he has moved on somewhere else.

In every community there are some men of exceptional energy—men fitted by nature to break new ground and build up new enterprises. In America such men from the beginning have had a clear field. Instead of settling down to work as a clerk in a shop or a foreman in a factory, as he would do in Continental Europe, the pushing American who finds the home field occupied goes where there is more room. From the very beginning of English settlement on this Continent the American has been an expander. The swarming instinct has been strong within him. From the villages at Jamestown and Plymouth—mere dots on the edge of a vast, unknown continent—he has spread over the whole land until now he has occupied it to its remotest edge and is ready to leap to new fields beyond the sea.

In the Philippines there are opportunities for a new development of American enterprise. It is a rich tropical land, larger than Italy. It is virgin of railroads. Its fertile soil is hardly scratched. Its rich mines of gold and other metals have hardly known the sight of modern machinery. Its water power is running to waste. Its millions of people have scarcely begun to use manufactured goods.

The effect of an American occupation of the Philippines will be triple. The Americans who go there will better their own condition; they will create new markets for American goods, and in leaving home they will relieve the congestion here and improve the opportunities of all that remain.

It is by this swarming process that England has preserved her national health, and remains strong and vigorous while the stay-at-home French have been falling into national decadence. It is in the same way that we must maintain the robustness of our own fibre.

It may be said that our own Continent is not yet overcrowded. True, but it is more completely filled than the older parts of it were at any of our previous periods of expansion. If our people in 1803, when Illinois was a Territory, felt the need of room across the Mississippi, there is more need for room now when we have three States with two millions and a half of inhabitants on the Pacific.

## THE CLAYTON-BULWER PRETENCE.

Every railroad attorney in either House of Congress develops into an international lawyer as the question of what shall be done about the Nicaragua Canal presses for an answer. These jurists speak strongly of the sacred obligations imposed by that comity between nations without observance of which the powers would be no better than undisguised pirates. The reverence which the gentlemen who operate the overland railroads feel for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is faithfully reflected by their kept statesmen.

There are undeniable difficulties in the way of building the Nicaragua Canal immediately as a Government work, but the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is the least of them. That compact, declared obsolete by the Arthur administration, would be out of the way altogether but for Grover Cleveland. That Small American and purblind dictator could have given the country an interoceanic waterway. The Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty, negotiated by President Arthur, accorded this Government the right of way and sovereignty over a strip of land on both sides of the canal. But the condition that the United States should guarantee the integrity of Nicaragua's territory against foreign and neighboring foes—a special application of the Monroe Doctrine—alarmed Mr. Cleveland, and in withdrawing the treaty inherited from his predecessor, he, to the extent of his power, revitalized the Clayton-Bulwer agreement, which England herself had violated by colonizing on the Mosquito Coast and Honduras.

But, in spite of Cleveland, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is formidable now only to those who are on a hunt for pretexts to delay the Nicaragua Canal. Great Britain is in an accommodating mood. If the formal abrogation of the treaty were asked she would grant the request; if we chose to assume that the treaty had lapsed, and go ahead upon that theory, she would acquiesce.

There is a railroad lobby at Washington. There are railroad agents sitting in the Senate and the House of Representatives. These agents identify themselves when they rise and do reverence to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That is the sure mark by which they are advertised for what they really are.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY is a man of courage. Alger is still his Secretary of War.

## A SUFFERING HERO.

Lieutenant Hobson has sailed for the Philippines, and before going he proclaimed that he wanted it understood that he alone and not the ladies are to be blamed. That was very nice and chivalrous of Lieutenant Hobson, but it isn't true. Nevertheless, he will of course be accepted as a vicarious sacrifice.

The disfavor in which the hero of the Merimac departs is owing largely to confusion of mind. The men of America were roused to wrath, tintured with disgust, by those kissing bees. It offended their sense of propriety to see women by the regiment flinging themselves publicly at a man's head. Being themselves chivalrous, American men declined to hold the women to account and blazed out at the man, making him responsible for the want of self-restraint and modesty of his fair admirers. The lack of delicacy exhibited by the women has been imputed to him.

Suppose Hobson had pushed those frantic females away and sternly refused to be kissed? How he would have been laughed at as a solemn young saint, jeered at as a prig and reviled as a cold-blooded and haughty young naval aristocrat, devoid of the brains to understand the artless and innocent patriotic ardor of the daughters of the Republic!

It is well that Hobson has been curried for his share in the kissing scenes. It will teach him to walk more circumspectly hereafter in many ways, for it has been disclosed to him that everything will not be forgiven a hero. Best of all, he has been taught the lesson which every true man has to learn if he does not possess the knowledge as a birth-given instinct, that it is not enough for a gentleman to refrain from offence against foolish women; he must protect them against themselves. Because Hobson, a young man, new to the situations imposed by a great fame, failed a little in this duty, failed a little in dignity, too, he has gone from his native land sore under the lash of criticism that has been more hearty than discriminating.

And the women who tempted him and made a fool of him are protected by their sex from hearing the unpleasant truth about themselves.

## THE MORMON CHALLENGE.

The moral sense of this country is finding expression in terms which neither Representative-elect Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, nor Congress can mistake.

The home-building, home-respecting, decent men and women of the United States are determined that polygamy shall not be recognized by permitting a Mormon with three acknowledged wives to take his seat as a member of the House of Representatives.

Roberts is more than a law-breaker. He is a challenge to American civilization—a challenge which must be accepted by the House if the Republic is not to be put to shame. He will come to Washington with his certificate of election, signed by the Governor of a State which in its Constitution forbids polygamous marriage—a Constitution which provides that that prohibition cannot be repealed without the consent of the United States. Utah, in sending such a man to Congress, defies the spirit of its own Constitution, breaks faith with and insults the nation.

There is now no probability that Roberts will be allowed to take his seat. There will be no difficulty in finding legal grounds for excluding him, and public opinion has spoken in tones which will be mandatory on the House of Representatives.

But more than this is necessary. The Christian people, the clean people of the land, want to make it forever impossible for the Mormons of Utah to repeat this affront. Congress will be asked to submit to the States an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting forever polygamous marriage in the United States. And doubtless Congress will comply. The vote by which that amendment will be made a part of the organic law of the Republic will enlighten all doubters as to the fidelity of the great masses of the citizens of this country to the code of morals which rests upon the monogamous home.

## REPUBLICANS CONVERTED TO FREE TRADE.

When tariff reform met its Waterloo in 1896 there were not wanting keen political meteorologists who predicted that free trade would yet be enacted in America by the Republican party, as it was in England by the Protectionist Tories. Events are rapidly justifying this forecast. The extension of our boundaries to take in a good part of the world, and the success of American manufacturers in competing with European manufacturers on their own ground, have disturbed the simple faith of the Republican masses in protection, and, what is more important, they have convinced many of the capitalists who make up the Republican campaign funds that there is more money to be made on a fair field than within a tariff fence.

Read this extract from a faithful Republican organ, the Commercial Advertiser, and transfer it in imagination, if you can, to the Presidential campaign of 1892:

Time is coming when we shall copy the present navigation laws of Great Britain, as we shall copy her present tariff laws, as we are now using both tariff and navigation copied from those of the British before changed conditions caused them to be discarded for the present. British laws concerning trade were not changed from sentiment, but for practical gain. That which illumined her medieval darkness was unlighted self-interest. We are as keen to see this as the British, and when it shines on us in the same way we shall change our policy.

We begin to see it as to the tariff and are becoming ready to discard protection as superfluous. Great Britain discarded it because the interests it helped were less important than that it hurt. It is not hurtful to us in any but the few cases where it increases cost of raw material of manufacturers, since we do not import food; but it is rapidly becoming useless.

After the election of 1896 the country was jubilantly informed that the tariff question had been settled. It looks as if it had been indeed. When the protectionist party is converted to free trade, what is there left to fight about?

## THE CHRISTMAS SHADOW.

You had a good dinner yesterday, and were well housed, and enjoyed a good time with the other comfortable, happy people around you.

Think of the others—the children and women and men who went hungry and cold on Christmas and felt their misery the more keenly because of the contrast which your happiness supplied.

New York is a great and rich city, the metropolis of a great and rich country, yet there are thousands of people in it who scarcely know what it is to be warmly clad and sufficiently fed.

Some of these people are to blame for their penury, but not the majority of them. Not the children, certainly, nor the sober and industrious poor.

Why should anybody who is sober and industrious be poor? How comes it that the curse of involuntary poverty, of want, accompanies our civilization like its shadow?

That is a problem to which every man who is a man should give some thought, not only on the day after his jolly Christmas but at all times, for it is a problem that sooner or later must be solved if civilization is to endure.

SENATOR CAFFERY is a gentleman whom the friends of the Nicaragua Canal may profitably keep an eye on. He is a lawyer, and he does not act as if he had been retained for the people in the case of the American Public vs. The Overland Railroad Companies.

IF RUSSELL A. ALGER shall be clothed with plenary power over concessions for public works in Cuba, there will be very little left for the Cubans to dispose of when Mr. McKinley has established that stable government for them.

MARK HANNA'S idea of encouraging American commerce is to open the Treasury to shipbuilders and let them load up with Government coin for ballast.

## A BIG NAVY RATHER THAN A BIG ARMY.

Rear Admirals John Irwin and J. A. Howell Indorse the Journal's Demand for a Great Navy.

Washington, Dec. 26.—In an interview with the correspondent of the Journal as to whether this nation needed most a big army or a big navy, Rear Admiral John Irwin said:

"I am heartily in favor of the Journal's thorough American policy of a greater navy, and I am in accord with the proposition that what the country needs is a great navy rather than a great army. I think indeed that that is the sentiment of the American people.

"We need a great navy rather than a great army because we must protect not only our own extensive coasts but the coasts of our acquired possessions. It need not be argued that with the almost infinite resources of this country we are absolutely unassailable on land.

"Our policy, as I take it, should be that of Great Britain—that is, a defensive and offensive policy. In order to do that we should have a navy capable of contending against any navy the army and navy require to their present strength."

that might be sent against us. England's great navy has been her safeguard, and it is patent to us all that but for that navy she might even now be assailed by France or Germany.

"We need a great navy rather than a great army, and I hope to see the wise and patriotic policy of the Journal realized."

REAR ADMIRAL J. A. HOWELL said: "The navy should certainly be increased. The changed conditions and the necessity for taking care of the new acquisitions of the United States require this. Both the army and the navy require additions, and the increase in the two branches of the service should be made in proportion to their needs.

"What those needs are those who have made the matter a study know, and after the recommendations have been made by experts they should be acted upon. I cannot point out at present in detail what increases the army and navy require to their present strength."

## THE DOWNTRODDEN LANDLORD.

WALT McDUGALL PICTURES HIS COUNTLESS TROUBLES.

TO one who has devoted a large percentage of his earnings for thirty years to the relief of kind, patient but impoverished landlords the news of the formation of a "Protective Association" in their behalf comes to the generous mind with a quick throb of tender joy. The emotional nature of the landlord, his sensitive temperament, united with a heart that feels deeply and beats in unison with those of his tenants, his natural benevolence and, I am almost tempted to say, prodigality in all things relating to their welfare make him inevitably a victim to those who prey on such lovable weaknesses. He needs a protector. This town is full of people who sit up nights devising new schemes to rob him and make his life unpleasant.

The Protective Association provides the landlord with a list of "bad tenants," and a general rating of all who rent houses, flats, rooms or stores, so that at a glance the owner can know the status of an applicant and deal with him



"THE PATIENT BUT IMPOVERISHED LANDLORD," accordingly. Instead of smiling courteously and tendering the offer of a month's rent free, new ceilings with oil frescoes by Dandellot or De Luney, a silver lining to the bath-tub, silk awnings and perfumed steam heat, he can be brusque and stern and turn away the would-be tenant with well-simulated contempt. "Take it or leave it" can now be his motto.

In an interview with a large owner of flats whose name I may not give for fear of impairing the deep, pure love which his many tenants bear toward him, he said to me: "The general public is careless of the landlord's feelings, and do not consider his part in the great work of civilization. He is, per se, the moving force in the growth of this great metropolis. His far-seeing eye saw the movement of population northward, while others, bat-like, seemed to expect the city

to grow out over the two rivers, and he provided for it by getting land and erecting buildings for the coming millions to occupy at very reasonable rates, considering the war, the tariff, the price of coal, water, etc., and the hard times generally. Now, what return does his benevolence receive? Continual abuse, distrust and evaded payments is the portion awarded to the man who spends his time creating new luxuries and conveniences for thankless tenants. His life is one unending torment of listening to the complaints of the people who inhabit his dwellings. Women go up on the roof to fight about vested rights in clotheslines, walk angrily over the delicate tin roofs, and the next day visit me to complain that the roof leaks, and they are obliged to put wash-bowls, cups, chafing-dishes, pails, soup-tureens and tomato-cans all over the flat to save their cheap Japanese rugs from the dripping water. They bring me diagrams of the maps of Asia made by the water on their ceilings, and refuse to pay the rent until the ceiling is re-decorated. The way they kick about paying in advance is enough, alone, to give a landlord the blues. Under the new ruling of the association they will be compelled to pay even further in advance, on the 25th of the month, in fact. They seem to think I don't need the money. I put up houses purely from philanthropic motives, but I have to pay interest on my mortgages, buy coal and remunerate janitors, who cost me at least \$10 apiece each month. People whom I allow to use my rooms, besides taking little or no care of the property, expect me to devote my heart's blood as well as my time and money to making them happy. Some of my tenants seem to hate me instead of feeling grateful for the improvements I make. I get janitors as near like myself in disposition as I can procure, to serve them, and they treat them with contumely and scorn. People who rent flats have an idea that they have a right to boss, insult and irritate janitors, and many a valuable one has been forced to leave a comfortable place on account of his treatment by the arrogant tenants. They interfere with him, pry into his affairs, refuse to promote his interests or assist him in governing the inmates, and complain to me if he does not maintain a subservient manner.

"I put all manner of conveniences into my houses, and I seem only to be providing new methods of torture and complaint for myself. Every new push button, gas stove, elevator, bell boy, electric gas light or bath-room attachment is a new source of revolt. It was better in the old times, when there was not so much competition, and the tenants provided their own food, gas, water, wash-tubs, etc., and carried up their own provisions, while the rents were even higher. They hadn't so much to kick about then, and they were too busy, besides, to find time. They've been pampered so much by the gracious, too-lavish landlords that they demand everything. If I showed you a list of kicks for one day you'd have a fit.

"The man who works at night sends in a growl that he can't sleep during the day because another man is practising on an 'oboloin,' or something like that, one of those queer horns,

you know. Another complains that his milk is not delivered until the janitor skims the cream off, and another that a dog next door has seven fits per day, and the dog's owner writes me a long letter, declaring he or the parrot in the next flat will have to go, and that a man who will keep a parrot that talks Spanish is not fit to live in a thirty-eight dollar flat, anyhow.

"I get letters from a family on the second floor saying that the flat is uninhabitable on account of the too profuse supply of steam heat, and before I've finished reading it I get another from a top-floor tenant declaring that he is slowly freezing to death because he can get no steam. One woman tells me the electric buttons won't work, the door opener has lost its vigor, and that beloved friends turn away in anger at what they consider a cold neglect to answer their push; another that the speaking tubes are stopped up and the dumbwater full of discarded bustles, campaign documents and old newspapers. One lady



"KICKS AT THE SMELL OF NAPHTHA," who runs up and down on her vocal cords two hours each morning kicks at the smell of naphtha that comes up the air shaft when the peroxide blonde on the second floor cleans her white gloves. I get dozens of letters regarding alleged insect life in the house, roaches forming the main item, but rodents and Harlem fleas also fill up several columns, with spiders, flies and even dancing nettles a good third. Window awnings, weather strips, clotheslines, broken glass, fire-escapes, defective fires, crying babies, accordions and gas burners stalk through my dreams, and when I wake up in relief I hear from the janitor that while he was at his annual janitors' ball three families seized the opportunity and moved out in the night, each owing me a month's rent. I wish I had my money invested in a good brewery."

WALT McDUGALL.

## IS THE FUNG-HWANG DUE?

THE RABBI FINDS A LESSON IN THE CHINESE LEGEND.

THE room was dark, and I was about to retreat when I heard the rabbi's voice:

"Walk softly, my son. The little one has fallen asleep over his toys, and I am keeping vigil in the darkness."

We lit pipes and looked out upon the shining stars, and the rabbi thrummed softly upon the window-pane—an indication that he was in a pleasant frame of mind.

"Have you grown wiser since I saw you last?" he asked, and although I could not see his face, I felt that he was smiling.

"Yes," I replied, "I have found that a man whom I had held to be honest was dishonest."

Now I saw him smile.

"Had you found a man whom you held as dishonest to be honest," he replied, "your knowledge would have been more startling. As it is, I am afraid, old man as I am, that it is commonplace."

Then I merely kept my eyes on the stars and held my peace, and presently the rabbi spoke, in a low voice, and I could hear the breathing of the child.

"I am not as fortunate as you. I was pondering over the matter as late as yesterday, and I was forced to the unwilling conclusion that the world and all the things in it had been progressing in the old, old way, and that, from day to day, I had gathered but little wisdom from its doings. I have fallen into the habit of reading the Jewish Workingman every day—truly an excellent journal of news, journals go-keeping pace with remarkable activity with the events of the day. Yet the doings of this day are so much like the doings of that day, and this calamity is so much like that calamity, and this agitation is so much like that agitation, and everything seems to happen and re-happen so much by weary, dreary rote that it is all very monotonous.

"Underlying it all, I have no doubt, is the tide of steady progress and development which runs through all the ages. As you grow older you will feel more and more strongly, that you are living in history, and are making history, and are playing your humble role in history.

"But even in the certainty of this feeling there will at times come a longing to know what is happening and to see exactly what it is that your world and your day are doing. And that feeling has come over me, and with it the unresolvable

Idea that the world is standing still and is surely becoming stagnant."

A car came jingling down East Broadway and we both watched it until it had passed the window. There was a faint sound that was closely akin to a suppressed chuckle.

"In a little while," said the rabbi, "you will see another car just like this rattle by. The bells will sound differently, but the car will be pretty much the same."

Then the rabbi puffed comfortably and contentedly at his pipe.

"I have read in the Jewish Workingman that England has made an alliance with Germany. France, it is said, has made an alliance with Russia. To-morrow, perhaps, there will be a triple alliance or a quadruple alliance, and the next day it may be that New York will join hands for weal or woe with Amsterdam. And France is troubled with its perplexing Dreyfus affair, which assumes one aspect one day and another twenty-four hours later. And this country is undecided whether it shall extend its dominion or shall release its possessions; whether it shall make silver its monetary standard or gold; whether it shall have a great army or a small one. And the Jewish Workingman tells me that it looks favorable for one to-day and favorable for the other to-morrow.

"And the little one sleeps undisturbed in the corner gander, and the rich go on with their pleasures and the poor with their woes just as if the world had reached the last stage of its development, and things were to be forever as they are now. There is neither promise nor omen of better or worse."

The rabbi paused long enough to watch another street car go by, jerking his thumb toward it in disgust.

"Have you ever heard of the Fung-hwang? It is, perhaps, better known in Oriental literature than in European writings, although it has its equivalent, to a certain extent, in the Egyptian phoenix. The Fung-hwang is a mythical bird, which, according to the Chinese legend, makes its appearance on earth when a great leader of men is about to appear or a great righteous principle is about to triumph. The Chinese have tremendous respect for this bird, and they say that the last time it made its appearance was shortly before the birth of Confucius. Confucius

plus, it is true, does not speak of him, but that has been attributed to his modesty.

"It is a pretty legend, is it not? I was sitting at this window yesterday, looking up into the sky, wondering if my life would be spared long enough to see the Fung-hwang light upon the earth. God knows the earth needs it!"

The stars shone in the sky and seemed to twinkle merrily upon the upturned countenance of the rabbi. He sighed and spoke softly:

"When you live to be as old as I you will find the triumph of a righteous principle with heart-felt joy, for by that time the old order of things will be very, very old to you, and you will have come to believe all goodness and nobleness only transitory and nothing permanently triumphant save wickedness and cruelty and suffering. Then you, too, will long for the advent of a Fung-hwang!"

Some Mythology.

Once upon a time a mortal Person twitted Aphrodite, the goddess of love, with not having any gowns.

"Alas!" cried Aphrodite, much wounded. "What an advantage you women have over us dummies! You may get things by just dying for them, while we are immortal!"

All this has been told before, but it has not been related, hitherto, how Aphrodite thereupon vowed she would have something to wear if it took an arm, the result being the Venus of Milo, which is armless, but not wholly undraped.—Detroit Journal.

Objections.

Curiously enough, the red man did not at once accept the doctrines of theosophy.

"Objections suggest themselves to me," he argued, doggedly. "Now, there is your theory of transmigration of souls. I have been taught to believe that while the Indian may be, and usually is, a white elephant as long as he is alive, the moment he is dead he necessarily becomes a thoroughly acceptable entity!"

Having been educated, at Government expense, in a prominent Eastern college, the aboriginal made no pretence at understanding logic, his doubts being intuitive rather than formal.—Detroit Journal.